TOTAL WAR! DICTATIO IS READIED FOR BATTLE!
33
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WARHAMMER
MONTHLY
BLOODQUEST
— Quest's end!

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

BANEBLADE, you pathetic simpering Ultramarine wretch! What have you done with the latest issue of Warhammer Monthly? By Khorne, if you've lost it in the Immaterium again I'll make you wish you never came out of basic training!

GUTSPEW, YOU FOUL CRETIN! I'm still reading the heroic exploits of Leonotos and his noble bottle brothers. By the Emperor, this is gripping stuff. I don't know how I'm going to cope after their adventures conclude this issue.

PAH! You're laughable, Baneblade! Heroic? If Leonatos hadn't lost the wretched sword in the first place he wouldn't have needed to go through the – be still my heart – Eye of Terror to retrieve it!

SILENCE CHAOS CUR! Do not disrespect the sacred rites and relics of the mighty Adeptus Astartes. The history of the Space Marines is... actually now you come to mention it, what is a sword anyway? I've been floating around in the vacuum for so long that I must have forgotten.

You **FOOL, BANEBLADE!** Here take a look at mine. Look, it's far more elegant than a Bolter. See the smooth steel lines, look how it glides effortlessly through the air... or lack of it in our case...

MAY I, Gutspew?

BE MY GUEST, fool!

YOU'RE RIGHT GUTSPEW! This is fantastic.

SLASH! HACK! SLASH! SLASH! HACK! SLASH! HACK! SLASH! SLASH! HACK! SLASH! SLASH! HACK! SQUELCH! SLASH! SLASH! HACK! SLASH! HACK! SQUELCH! SLASH! SLASH! HACK! SLASH! SLASH! HACK! SLASH! HACK! HACK! SLASH! SLASH! HACK! SLASH! HACK! SLASH! SLASH! HACK! *SQUELCH! SQUELCH!*

NEXT ISSUE: HEKATE AND FRIENDS

Inside this comic...

DAEMONIFUGE

Safely on board the Ecclesiarchy destroyer *Benediction*, Battle Sister Ephrael Stern finally begins to feel safe – but are her rescuers all that they seem?

TITAN

The crew of Imperius Dictatio find themselves fighting alongside Eldar as they face a common foe – but will they find death, or glory?

BLOODQUEST

In this final climactic episode Leonatos and the exiles are within reach of their goal, but first they must defeat Haeroth – Champion of the Damned!

Next month: Jerico's back, in "The Nemo Agenda"!

GAMES WORKSHOP

A BLACK LIBRARY PUBLICATION

EDITORIAL Merc Gascoigne & Christian Dunn
PRODUCTION Darius Hinks & Gareth Harvey
COVER *Leonotos* by Colin MacNeil

WARHAMMER MONTHLY glory or death Issue 33, August 2000. Published by Games Workshop Ltd. Willow Rd, Lenton, Nottingham, NG7 2WS, UK.

Email us *publishing@games-workshop.co.uk*
Internet *http://www.games-workshop.com* and *http://www.blacklibrary.co.uk*

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PRODUCT CODE: 6056 9999 033

SOMEWHERE IN THE WARP

HERO OF THE ASTARTES!

• Despite the urgency of my mission I always have to make time to read the latest Black Library missives – they are almost more enthralling and compelling than the servants of my master Slannesh (almost). As an agitator and servant of Chaos, I must however promote change. To this end I have some suggestions.

Firstly, how about seeing some stats for some of the characters in Warhammer Monthly; including the bad guys. You could dedicate a page or two each issue to this – even those characters that aren't being released as miniatures could be scratch built or converted for use in games by us fevered modellers.

Secondly, how about a re-print of the old Thrud the Barbarian strips from White Dwarf? I'm sure a few long serving slaves to darkness like myself would be glad to see the dull lug again.

Thirdly, sort out Gutspew and Baneblade. These guys are way too tense and need to let off some steam. How about conjuring a sleek and slinky Slaaneshi seductress from the warp to liven things up a bit (I know Gutspew is meant to serve the Blood God but surely he must have given up on such a pathetic and ineffectual servant by now).

Anyway, the masses require 're-education' and the warp cries out for souls. Lust for the lust god!

— Glyn Owen, Glamorgan

You corrupt fiend! You dere to pollute the Emperor's secred comments with your filthy innuendo? you'll be saying that I harbour impure thoughts ebout that lovely Ephreel Stern, her pert armour all curving and... Anyway, erm, get out of here, and take your letter of the month goodies with you!

• Some suggestions...

Continue running interviews with creators.

What about repeating 1999's summer format of WHM every 2 weeks – this time however, concentrate on the Imperium's 'footsoldiers', the Space Marines and Imperial Guard.

Run that two page Gaunt's Ghosts from a recent White Dwarf – it's too good not to be exposed to WHM readers.

Bring back Dwarflords ASAP.

Don't let *[nameless lesser comic!]* get the drop on you lads by debuting their Deep Space series Vanguard, hit back by running a Battlefleet Gothic series ASAP – Gordon Rennie and Wayne Reynolds would be the ideal creative team. (Any chance of CGI backdrops for the space shots?)

— Lee Davis, London

P.S: Ulli and Marquand? TOP BLOKES!

• To Ork or not to Ork, that is the question...

That's right, this letter is about Orks. More specifically the Ork's place in literature. In the past, the Black Library has said that there is no place for Ork stories in your publications. Since then there have been one or two stories, the best of which was Deff Skwadron in Inferno. The problems faced by Ork stories seem to be the fact that you can't humanise the stories due to the very culture of the Ork. Orks have evolved over several years and I guess the common view of Orcs is that they are brutal, suicidal greenskins who like nothing more than to die gloriously in battle. In addition, Orks are seen as a comical race, not helped by the fact that 'dey always speek like dis an dat an say "da"all da time'. This is fine for a bit of fun and role-play but has it got a place in today's 40K universe? The answer is *No*. It is time that Orks came of age and developed into the serious race they deserve to be.

There are some excellent Orc stories around that are worth reading, namely *Grunts* by Mary Gentle and the more recently published *Bodyguard of Lightning* and *Legion of Thunder* by Stan Nicholls. The latter books do an excellent job of portraying Orks as alternative humans without losing their Orkishness and without the need to talk like 'dis an dat'. Perhaps you could commission Stan to look at writing an Ork novel or comic strip.

Well, thanks for listening, guys, and if there are any funny comments from Baneblade and Gutspew I'll send Da Boyz over an' beat der braynz out wiv an uge chopper dat I av got.

— Pete Wood, Newport

[not saying a word]

Every issue we're giving away Games Workshop goodies for the best letter. This month we've got an Eldar Dire Avengers box set up for grabs. You can send your transmissions to:

Warhammer Monthly
Games Workshop Ltd
Willow Road
Lenton
Nottingham
NG7 2WS • UK

or via email to: *publishing@games-workshop.co.uk*

ECCLESIARCHY DESTROYER *BENEDICTION* IN ORBIT OVER THE PLANET PARNIS
"LESS THAN AN HOUR PASSED BEFORE I WAS SPIRITED AWAY FROM THE SURFACE OF THAT EMPEROR FORSAKEN PLANET"
"I WAS ELATED,"
"RETURNED TO THE CARE OF THE RIGHTEOUS"
"AND THOUGH I DIDN'T KNOW IT AT THE TIME I HAD AN INQUISITOR AT MY BACK"
PERHAPS MY SENSES HAD BEEN TARNISHED BY MALNUTRITION AND THE MONTHS OF EXTREME COLD"
CHAPTER TWO
SCRIPT :: KEV WALKER
ART :: KARL RICHARDSON
"BUT I FELT NO DANGER THERE."
SEAL THE CHAMBER
I SUBMIT MYSELF TO THE WILL OF THE EMPEROR IN WHOSE LIGHT WE FIND SAFETY AND IN WHOSE BREATH WE...

YES, YES... IT IS SHE...
WHAT...?
YES, YES... SHE THAT IS THE THRICE BORN IS AMONG US...
...WORLDS WILL BURN. THE GOLDEN SEAT OF OUR FATHER TAINTED BY THE SOUL OF THE IMPURE...
...THE DAUGHTERS BURNING WHITE WITH HOLY FIRE...
PYRES OF SUN BLEACHED BONES BURNING UNTO THE STARS, THE ALIEN INFIDEL TREADING OUR HOLY PLACES...
...ALL REVOLVE ABOUT THE THRICE BORN... YES, YES...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, WHAT'S GOING ON...?
DON'T TOUCH ME. DON'T TOUCH ME!
I CAN'T HAVE YOU TOUCH ME... IT'S NOT MY TIME."

SUBDUE THE PENITENT!
BAM!
AGH!
HOOH! HAH!
CAPTAIN MALACHAI, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
FALL BACK, GIDEON.
"GIDEON WASN'T A PSYKER, LIKE SILAS HAND."
DAMNATION. THIS CAN'T BE RIGHT.
"HE WAS AN INQUISITOR WHO RELIED ON DEDUCTIVE REASONING INSTINCT AND AN ENCYCLOPAEDIC MEMORY FOR HIS INVESTIGATIONS."
UNGH!
AAGH!
"IT MADE HIM SAFE FROM THE PREDATIONS OF DAEMONS..."
YES, YES... THAT'S IT. FEED THE FIRE, FAN THE FLAMES... YES, YES...
"...BUT FAR MORE OPEN TO PURE HUMAN FAILING."
UNGH!
ENOUGH!

SPARE THE FIST, BROTHER-CAPTAIN MALACHAI
FOR CONFESSION TO BE HEARD THERE MUST BE A VOICE TO SPEAK IT.
APOLOGIES, CARDINAL SERAIAH, I SOUGHT ONLY TO SPEED THE CONTRITION OF THIS SORORITAS WITCH!
THE SEEDS OF EVIL MAY HIDE BEHIND THE THINNEST OF VEILS MALACHAI
SIMPLY BLEEDING IS NO PROOF GUILT.
HOLINESS...
PRAY, SISTER WHAT... IS THIS?
"AND I TOLD HIM, HE WAS A CARDINAL OF THE ADEPTUS MINISTORUM WHAT DID I HAVE TO FEAR FROM HIM?"
"HE COULD NOT BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ZEAL OF A MARINE— COULD HE?"
"I TOLD HIM ABOUT THE EVENTS ABOARD THE HAMMER OF THOR ABOUT THE LOST CONVENT THE SCREAMING CAGE AND OUR BATTLE WITH THE FORCES OF SLAANESH."
"AND WHILE I POURED OUT MY HEART GIDEON MADE HIS ILL TIMED MOVE"
BROTHER CAPTAIN, I MUST WARN YOU THAT I WILL BE INFORMING OUR CHAPTER HOUSE OF YOUR UNBECOMING CONDUCT
TORTURE IS THE PURVIEW OF THE HERETIC
BE SILENT AND BE STILL! YOU SPEAK ABOVE YOUR STATION SERGEANT!!
"THEY WERE BLACK TEMPLARS THERE PURELY AS A GESTURE OF GOODWILL BETWEEN CHAPTER AND ADEPTUS MINISTORUM NOT CARDINAL SERAIAH'S PRIVATE ENFORCERS"

"MALACHAI'S ACTIONS MARKED HIM OUT AS FALLEN"
BY YOUR ORDER BROTHER CAPTAIN
"IT WAS ENOUGH FOR GIDEON."
LET THE EMPEROR'S WILL BE DONE
SUIT - CAN
CAPTAIN KOVAD...?
INQUISITOR GRINN HAS JUST GIVEN THE COMMAND PHRASE
THEN HE'S LOCATED THE HERETIC SOUND GENERAL QUARTERS, PREPARE FOR INTERCEPT
NAVIGATOR...!
BRING US TO WITHIN A THOUSAND K OF THE BENEDITION
"IT WAS A MOMENT OF CLARITY WE BOTH REALISED THE TRUE EVIL IN THE ROOM AT THE SAME MOMENT."
FAILURE IN AN INQUISITOR IS SUCH A PLEASING THING I HAVE A MIND TO PAINT THE DECKS WITH IT

AND YOU ALONE SURVIVED - AGAIN?!
WHY DO I NOT BELIEVE YOU?
AAAAAAGH!!!
WHAT THE -!?
LET ME KILL HER NOW, MASTER, COMMAND IT!
MASTER?! DAMN ME FOR A WEAK MINDED FOOL
KCHAK
WHUMP!
UNGH!
I HAVE NEVER HAD THE PLEASURE OF HEARING AN INQUISITOR ADMIT TO AN ERROR BUT HERE IT WAS FOR ALL TO SEE

OOOOOOOH!
TO TRACE BACK THE THREADS OF CHAOS!

IT'S THAT BOOK...
'TIS A CHAOS TAINTED THING...
OH WOE...
MISTAKING THE HAMMER FOR THE BLACKSMITH!

IT'S NOT CHAOTIC, IT...

REPELS CHAOS
I KNOW YOU NOW!

I AM INQUISITOR GRIMM AND I KNOW YOU SPAWN OF THE ABYSS, I'LL SOAK MY AXE IN YOU!

MALACHAI, KILL THEM ALL!
THY WILL BE DONE!
"SILAS HAND ONCE TOLD ME THAT CHAOS THRIVES ON DECEIT."
"OF HEAPING LIE UPON FALSEHOOD."
"UNTIL THE TRUTH IS BURIED SO DEEP THAT ONLY THE MOST CRYSTALLINE OF MINDS COULD DISCERN IT."
YES, SLAANESH. MY SWORD IS THINE. GRANT ME THY GIFTS.
"BOTH GIDEON AND I WERE BLINDED BY OUR CONVICTION IN OUR OWN ABILITIES AND DESIRES."
NNNYYAAGH!
"TO SUCH A DEGREE THAT WE STARED THROUGH THE TEETH OF CHAOS."
"AND SAW OUR OWN PRIDE STARING RIGHT BACK AT US."

GLORY OR DEATH I OFFER YOU, IMPERIUS DICTATIO
ONE OR THE OTHER
YOU ARE THE GOD MACHINE, I AM ONLY ERWIN HEKATE HUMAN YOU DECIDE
GLORY OR DEATH
TITAN
VIVAPORIUS
SCRIPT DAN ABNETT
ART ANTHONY WILLIAMS
LETTERS FIONA STEPHENSON
PART NINE

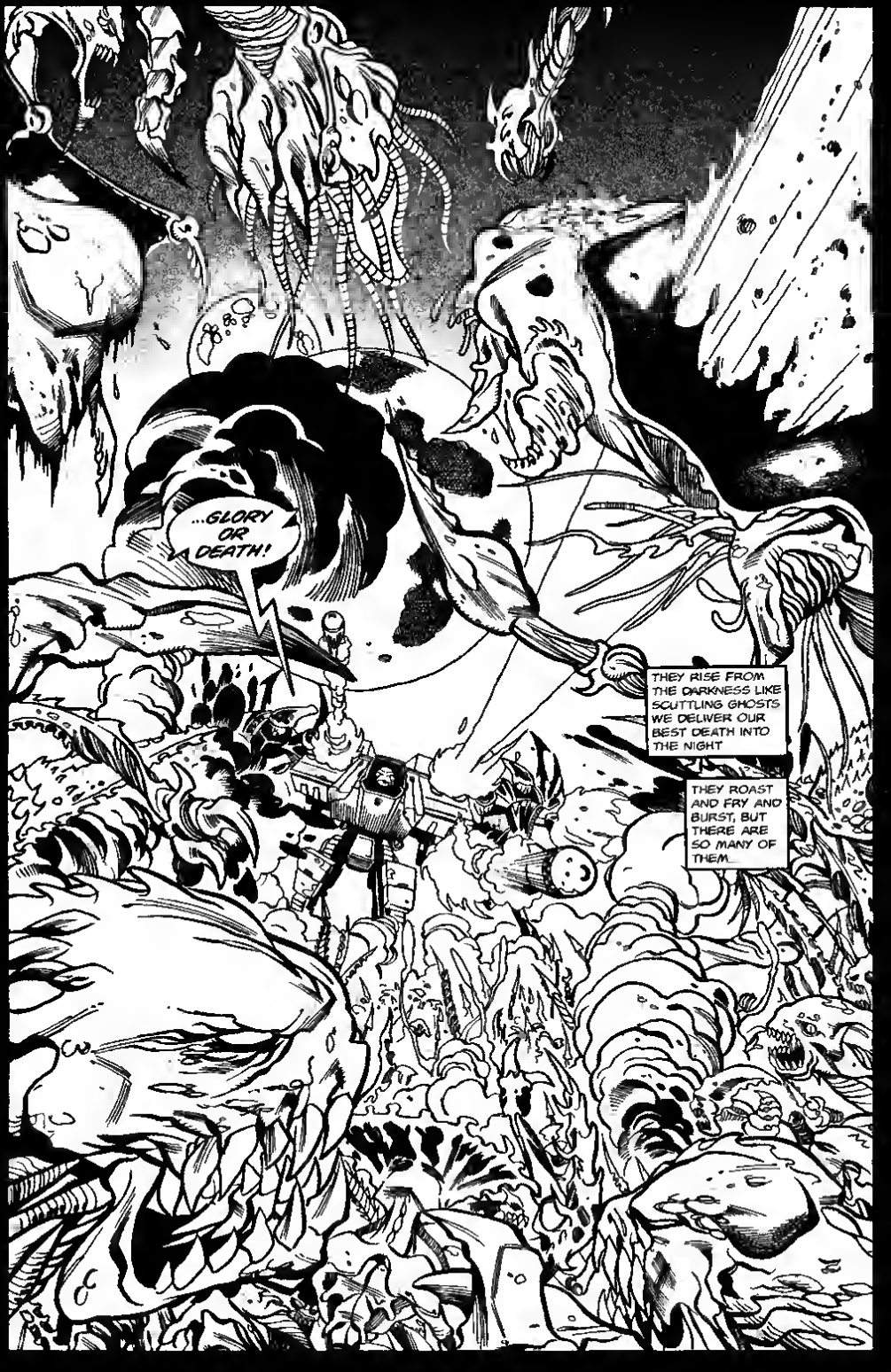
PRINCEPS ON DECK!
AS YOU WERE, MODERATI VOSS.
GIVE ME CONTROL
CONTROL IS MINE I AM IMPERIUS DICTATIO
PRINCEPS HEKATE TO ENGINEER DORN
SSSSHUKK!

...GIVE ME STRIDING SPEED!
STRIDING SPEED, AYE!

NALLEN, ARE THE PHANTOMS WITH US?
THE ELDAR ARE MATCHING SPEED, PRINCEPS AT OUR HEELS
OPEN A VOX-CHANNEL
HEKATE TO FARENDIS NOT TOO FAST FOR YOU, I TRUST?
WE WILL KEEP UP
I HAVE OBSERVED A PHRASE OF YOURS, ONE I WISH TO BORROW...
GLORY OR DEATH!
THE PHRASE IS YOURS FOR THE BORROWING, FARENDIS. I HUMBLY CONCUR...
...GLORY OR DEATH!

THIS IS IT. THE WINNING AND THE LOSING FROM FARENDIS, I HAVE LEARNED THE TRUE PURPOSE OF THE TYRANID EFFORTS ON VIVAPORIUS.
THEY HAVE LURED US INTO BATTLE HERE. HUMAN AND ELDAR ALIKE, TO INFECT AND CONQUER US THROUGH OUR MIND LINKS.
THE VERY MIND-IMPULSE THAT MAKES ME PART OF DICTATIO IS THEIRS TO CORRUPT AND VIOLATE
SO WE WILL GIVE THEM HALF OF WHAT THEY WANT
WE WON'T GIVE THEM OUR MINDS.
BUT WE WILL SURELY GIVE THEM BATTLE!
ENGAGE VOID SHIELDS! CHARGE ENERGY BANKS! CYCLE AUTO LOADERS!
YOU HEAR THE CRY, FARENDIS! THE ENEMY ARE ON US!
I HEAR, HEKATE. AND I SAY...
PRINCEPS! I HAVE CONTACT! THREE KILOMETRES! MOVING IN!

[CONTINUES AFTER CENTRE PAGES]


...GLORY OR DEATH!
THEY RISE FROM THE DARKNESS LIKE SCUTTLING GHOSTS WE DELIVER OUR BEST DEATH INTO THE NIGHT
THEY ROAST AND FRY AND BURST, BUT THERE ARE SO MANY OF THEM...

THEY CHATTER AS THEY TRY TO ENTER MY HEAD AND POLLUTE THE MIND-LINK.
I SHUT THEM OUT!
I FEEL FARENDIS AND THE OTHER ELDAR WINCE AS THEY DO THE SAME.
THEY SCAR MY MIND! LIGHTS OF THE WEB-WAY! THEY ARE CLAWING AT ME!
THE TYRANID PROBE AT OUR DEEPEST THOUGHTS WITH SPIDERY, FEATHERY LIMBS.
SHUT THEM OUT, FARENDIS! FARENDIS!
SHUT THEM OUT!
I WILL CONQUER MY FEAR, GLORY OR DEATH.
YOUR CONSTANCY SURPRISES ME, HEKATE OF DICTATIO. YOU ARE SUCH A BRIEF THING.
AND I DO NOT THINK MY WORDS WILL CONSOLE YOU AGAINST WHAT YOU NOW FACE..
THIS IS HEKATE OF DICTATIO! CLOSE THEM OFF! DON'T LET THEM IN!
BURN THEM AND TRAMPLE ON THEIR BONES!

YOUR OWN
REGALIS ANNIHILATUS MY BROTHER TURNED AGAINST ME.
ATTACK SPEED! ALL POWER TO THE LIMBS!
PRINCEPS?
IT IS KIN TO US!
NO, IT ISN'T PRINCEPS TO ALL WEAPONS FIRE!
BEFORE HE DOES IT TO US!

NEXT: THE SLOW DEATH OF MACABEE

THE EXILES HAVE REACHED THE END OF THEIR QUEST. NO MORE WORDS ARE NECESSARY. NO MORE PROUD GESTURES OF DEFIANCE ARE NEEDED
NOW THERE IS ONLY *THE HATRED* A SAVAGE AND OVERBURDENING DESIRE TO *BATHE IN THE BLOOD OF THEIR ENEMIES!*
CHAOS FILTH. TIME TO DIE!

BLOODQUEST

EPISODE TWELVE

Script Gordon Rennie

Art Colin MacNeil

Letters Fiona Stephenson

LEONATOS. CLOTEN. LYSANDER. THE LAST THREE REMAINING EXILES. THE LAST THREE SURVIVORS.
THEY ARE SPACE MARINES - BLOOD ANGELS - HUMANITY'S FINEST WARRIORS.
KKKATCH
BUT THEIR OPPONENT IS ONE OF THE DARK ANGEL FALLEN. A RENEGADE WHO HAS SURVIVED TEN THOUSAND YEARS OF ENDLESS SLAUGHTER!
UUUGH
KWUDD

SHUMP
BROKEN AND BLEEDING, THAT IS HOW I SHALL BRING YOU TO MY MASTER.
FTAKT
BUT BE PATIENT LORD LEONATOS
FIRST THE CREATURE CLOTEN, THEN THE NOVICE PUP AND THEN I DEAL WITH YOU
SCHRAAKT!
SHRIITCH!
CLOTEN--!
STAP

BWAK!
SHRASH!
LYSANDER...
HE STILL LIVES FOR NOW. AS DOES THE CREATURE.
I HAVE SPARED THEM, LORD LEONATOS. I HAVE SPARED THEM BECAUSE YOUR FIRST ACT AS A SERVANT OF CHAOS WILL BE TO SLAY THEM YOURSELF -- AS PROOF OF YOUR LOYALTY TO YOUR NEW MASTER!
RUKKT
YIELD, BLOOD ANGEL.
KUNCH
SURRENDER TO YOUR FATE.
THRAK!
GIVE YOURSELF BODY AND SOUL TO CHAOS!

NO... NEVER...
THERE – THE OBJECT OF HIS QUEST. THE BLADE ENCARMINE. THE SWORD OF BELARIUS. SECOND CHAPTER MASTER OF THE BLOOD ANGELS
CHAPTER LEGENDS SAY THAT THE SWORD WAS GIVEN TO HIM BY SANGUINIUS AND THAT THE BLOOD ANGELS PRIMARCH HIMSELF HAD WIELDED IT IN BATTLE WHEN HE FOUGHT BY THE EMPEROR'S SIDE DURING THE TIME OF THE GREAT CRUSADE
LEONATOS KNOWS THAT THE SWORD IS GENECODE-SPECIFIC – THAT ONLY THOSE BEARING THE GENESEED OF SANGUINIUS CAN WIELD AND ACTIVATE IT BUT THERE ARE OTHER LEGENDS ABOUT THE BLOODBLADE
THAT THE SPIRIT OF THE SWORD BONDS WITH THE SOULS OF ALL WHO HAVE WIELDED IT, GOING ALL THE WAY BACK TO SANGUINIUS HIMSELF
NEVER...
LEONATOS HAS WIELDED THE BLADE IN BATTLE AND NOW HE PRAYS
HE PRAYS TO SANGUINIUS THAT THE LEGENDS ARE TRUE – THAT THE SWORD WILL ALWAYS KNOW ITS OWN!
KATCH!

SSSHRUNK!
NEVER!
GO TO YOUR REWARD LET THE DAEMONS OF THE WARP CLAIM WHAT IS THEIRS.
SLICH
WHERE ARE YOUR THANKS, RENEGADE? I HAVE GIVEN YOU WHAT YOU WANTED, HAVE I NOT?
I HAVE *RELEASED* YOU FROM YOUR MASTER'S SERVICE FOREVER.

YOU HAVE FOUGHT WELL LORD LEONATOS. THE PRIZE IS YOURS AS PROMISED, I GRANT YOU THE MEANS TO ESCAPE FROM BIDOLON. A WARP GATE LEADING TO A WORLD BEYOND THE EYE OF TERROR
OF COURSE, YOU HAVE TO REACH IT FIRST...
RRRRUNSCH
MORE DAEMON TRICKS... MORE TREACHERY!
LITTLE HUMAN. DID YOU THINK YOU COULD DEFEAT ME AS EASILY AS YOU DID MY BROTHER DAEMON LORDS?
I AM NO MINDLESS BEAST OF THE BLOOD GOD I AM NO BLOATED SERVANT OF THE PLAGUE LORD
I AM THE FIRST-CHOSEN OF TZEENTCH. A DAEMON PRINCE IN THE COURT OF THE CHANGER OF THE WAYS
I AM EVERYTHING YOU HAVE EVER FEARED, LITTLE HUMAN AND SO VERY MUCH MORE

HE FIGHTS ON. BECAUSE HE IS A BLOOD ANGEL. HE FIGHTS ON EVEN THOUGH HE KNOWS HE CANNOT WIN NOW
HIS QUEST ENDS IN FAILURE FOR HE WILL NEVER NOW FULFIL HIS VOW TO RETURN THE SACRED BLADE TO HIS CHAPTER.
LYSANDER--!
UNLESS--
LYSANDER! TAKE THE SWORD! RETURN IT TO BAAL AND COMPLETE OUR QUEST!
SHINK
LIEGE-CAPTAIN... I CANNOT... MY PLACE IS HERE...
GO! RETURN THE SWORD! COMPLETE THE QUEST!

GO!
GO!
TIME FLOWS DIFFERENTLY WITHIN THE DAEMON REALM MY LORD, AND EVEN WHEN WE ESCAPED IT TOOK US YEARS, TRAVELLING AND FIGHTING FROM ONE WORLD TO THE NEXT TO RETURN HERE
TWELVE YEARS LORD COMMANDER. TWELVE YEARS SINCE WE LEFT BAAL ON OUR QUEST
WE OF THE BLOOD ANGELS ARE THE LONGEST-LIVING OF ALL THE ADEPTUS ASTARTES AND YOU HAVE BEEN CHAPTER MASTER HERE FOR MORE THAN ELEVEN CENTURIES. BUT I TELL YOU NOW THAT IN THOSE TWELVE YEARS WE HAVE SEEN AND SURVIVED MORE HORRORS THAN ANY SERVANT OF THE EMPEROR STILL LIVING

I RETURN THE SWORD OF BELARIUS, LORD COMMANDER. I COMPLETE MY LIEGE CAPTAIN'S MISSION AND FULFIL HIS OATH TO YOU.
YOU HAVE DONE WELL, SCOUT NOVICE LYSANDER. YOU ARE NOW FREE TO REJOIN YOUR COMPANY.
I CANNOT DO THAT, LORD MEPHISTON.
WITH RESPECT, CAPTAIN LEONATOS'S QUEST MAY BE OVER BUT OURS - THAT OF BROTHER CLOTEN AND I - IS JUST BEGINNING.
UPSTART WHELP! YOU DARE TO-
PERHAPS BROTHER LYSANDER IS RIGHT HONOURED LORD MEPHISTON. PERHAPS THE FATE OF HE AND BROTHER CLOTEN LIES ELSEWHERE NOW.
BUT WHERE WILL THEY GO? WHAT WILL THEY DO?
THE ORIGINAL QUEST IS OVER, BUT THEY HAVE LEFT THEIR LIEGE-CAPTAIN BEHIND IN THE EYE OF TERROR.
NOW THEY GO TO REDEEM THEMSELVES. THEY GO BACK IN SEARCH OF CAPTAIN LEONATOS.
END OF BOOK TWO